



Lachrymæ & Lachrymarum
OR

The Spirit of Tears,

Distilled

for the un-bless'd Death

of

The incomparable Prince

CHARLES

by Josuah S. Slaughter

The third Edition

with Addition of His

WILLIAM BENTLEY, 1714



LACHRYMÆ LACHRYMARVM.
A FVNERAL ELEGIE.

The Argument, in an ÉPITAPH.


Here lies (Dirie Eye read not This Epitaph)
Here lies Great Britains Stay, Great Iacob's staf:
The stately Top-bough of Imperial Stemme,
World's richest Jewell, Nature's rarest Gemme,
Mirror of Princes, Miracle of Youth,
All Vertues Pattern, Patron of all Truth;
Refuge of Armes, ample Reward of Arts,
Worth's Comforter, mild Conquerer of Harts:
The Churches Tower, she Terror of the Pope,
Herons Henry, Atlas of our Hope.

But I am short of Others Art and Wit,
And have no powers for such a Part unfit;
And so I but light my Candle in the Sunne,
For my weak light shall be so better Donne:



Could Feares and Feares giue my Distractions leaue,
Of sobbing words a *fable Webbe* to weaue;
Could Sorrows *slubbers* giue my voice a vent;
How would I now should my saddest *Perse* lament,
In deepest Sighes (in stead of sweetest Songs)
This Loffe (say) which men All belongs:
To All, and through all, to the *Clark*;
To royal *Princes*, Prince, and King;
To All the *Personal Confederats*,
To All the *Commonwealths*, to all the *CHRISTIAN States*;
To all the *Countries* and *Islands*, far:
To all the *World*, except *S.P.Q.R.*
To all together, and to Each a part,
To all the *Armes*, and *Armes*, *Armes*, or *Art*:
To all the *Armes*, but, to vs most of all
To the next Road to my *High Orders* fall:
To the next Road, to the next Road no *Prop*
To the next Road, and, but in this, no *Hope*:
To the next, with *Nature*, *Grace* and *Fortune* meet,
To the next, a *Prince*, as *great* as *Great*:





In whom, the Heavens were pleas'd to shewe the Earth
A richer *Jewell* then the World was worth,
Or Worthy of therefore, no more to make
So rare a *Piece*, His pretious Mould they brake.

O foudain Change! O sad *Vicissitude*!

O how the Heavens our Earthly Hopes delude!

O! what is firme beneath the Firmament!

O! what is constant heer that gives Content!

What Trust in Princes! O! what Help in Man,

Whose *ding* Life is but in length a span!

Melting as Snowe befor the Mid-day Sun;

Past as a Poste, that speedy by dooth run;

Swift, as the Current of the quickest Stream;

Vain, as a Thought; forgotten, as a Dream.

O Deereſt HENRY, Heav'n and Earth's *Delight*!

O cleereſt Beame of *Vertues*, Riſing bright!

O pureſt Spark of *Pious* Princely Zeale!

O ſureſt Ark of *juſtice* ſacred weale!

O graueſt Preſage of a *Prudent* kinde!

O braueſt Meſſage of a *Valiant* Mynde!







O All-admir'd, *Benign* and *Bountious*!
O All-desired (right) *PANARETVS*!
(*PANARETVS* (*All-vertuous*) was thy Name;
Thy Nature such: such euer bee thy Fame).
O deereſt! cleereſt! pureſt! ſureſt *Prop*!
O graueſt! braveſt! higheſt! nigheſt *Hope*!
O! how vntymelic is this Sunne gonne downe!
This *Spark* put out, This *Ark* (as) ouerthrowne!
This Preſage croſt! This Meſſage loſt and left!
This *Prop* diſplac'd! This *Hope* of All, bereft!
O! How, vnkinde! How, graceleſſe! How, ingrate!
Haue *Wee* cut-off Thy likely longer Date!

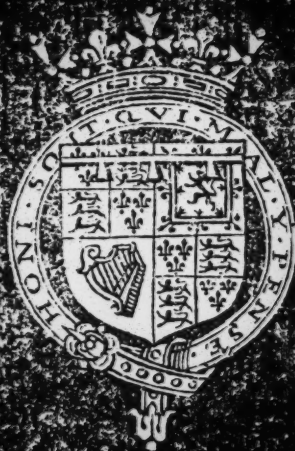


For, were *This Stroke* from Heav'n's immediat hand;
Or (by Heaven's leaue) from Hell's ſuborned Band,
Of *ROMVLIDES* (What dare not They preſume?)
If this, That Sea a Sulphurie Sea conſume:
How-e'r it were, *We* were the *Mouing Cauſe*
That ſweet *Prince HENRY* breath no longer drawes.
Wee all (alas) haue had our hands hercin:
And Each of vs hath, by ſome *cord* of *Sinne*,

B

| Hal'd







Hal'd downe from Heauen, from *Iustice* awfull Seat,
This *heauie Iudgement* (which yet more doth threat).

Wee Clergie first, who too-too-oft haue stood
More for the Church-goods, then the Churches good:

Wee Nobles next, whose Title, euer strong,
Can hardly offer Right, or suffer Wrong:

Wee Magistrates, who, mostly, weake of sight,
Are rather faine to feele then see the Right :

Wee Officers, whose *Price* of euery Place
Keeps *Vertue* out, and bringeth *Vice* in grace:

Wee Gentles then, who, rack, and sack, and sell,

To swimme like *Sea-Crabs*, in a *four-wheeld Shell* :

Wee Courtiers, next, who *French-Italianate*,

Change (with the *Moon*) our *Fashion*, *Faith*, and *Fate*.

Wee Lawyers then, who *Bedalizing* Law,

And deadding *Conscience*, like the Horse-leach drawe:

Wee Cittizens, who seeming *Pure* and *Plaine*,

Beguile our Brother, make our *God* our *GAYNE*,

Wee Countrie-men, who slander Heav'n and Earth

As Authors of Our *Artificiall Dearth*:







'Tee *Pourneyors*, last, who taking tenn for two,
Rob both at once, our *Prince* and *People* too:
All, briefly All; all Ages, Sexes, Sorts,
In *Countries*, *Citties*, *Benches*, *Churches*, *Courts*,
(All *Epicures*, *Witt-Wantons*, *Athëists*,
Mach'-Aretines, *Momes*, *Tap-To-Batchonists*,
Batts, *Harpies*, *Sirens*, *Centaures*, *Bib-ali-nights*,
Sice-sink-ap-Asses, *Hags*, *Hermaphrodites*)
And *Wee* poore *Nothings* (fixed in no Spheare,
Right *Wandering* *Tapers*, *Erring* cuery-where)
Scorne of the *Vulgar*, Scandall of the *Gowne*,
Hauē pull'd this waight of *Wrath*, This *Vengeance* down;
All, All are guiltie, in a high Degree,
Of This *High-Treason* and *Conspiracie*;
More brute then *Brutus*, flabbing more then *CAESAR*,
With Two-hand-Sinnes of *Profit* and of *Pleasure*:
And (th'odious *Engine*, which dooth All include,)
Our Many-pointed proude *INGRATITVDE*.
For, for the *Peoples* Sinnes, for *Subiects* crymes,
God takes-away good *Princes* oftentimes.

So







So, good I O S I A H (H E N R Y's parallel)
Was soon bereft from Sinfull I s r a e l:
So our good E D W A R D (H E N R Y's P r e - c e d e n t)
For E N G L A N D's Sinns was hence vntimely hent.
So heer, good H E N R Y is new taken hence,
For now Great-B R I T A N's, great Sinnes confluence.
Wee see th' Effect: wee haue the Cause confest:
O! Turne wee then, with speed, to *Save the rest*:
O! Turne vs, *Lord*; turne to vs, turne away
Thy *Frowns*, our *Fears*, with humblest Tears wee pray.



O saue our S O V V E R A I N; saue his *Royall seed*;
That still his *OWNE* may on his *Throne* succeed.
Let Each of vs make priuie Search within;
And hauing found, bring forth the *Traitor SINNE*
To *Execution*, with all *Execration*
Henceforth renouncing such *In Sin-novation*.
Let Each of vs (as Each hath throwne a *Dart*,
A *Dart* of Synne, at H E N R Y's princely hart)
Send vp in Sighs our *Soules* deuoutest breath, (B E T H,
To *Shield* our I A M E S, A N N E, C H A R L E S, E L I Z A -

And







And H I M whose *Loue* shall render H E R her *Brother*,
And make Her soone a happie *Princes* Mother.

L et Each of vs cease to lament (in vain)
Prince HENRY's Losse: Death is to H I M a Gain.
For *Sanoy's* Dukelings, or the *Florentine*,
He Wedds his *Sauionr*, of a Regal *Ligne*;
Glorie, for *Gould*; for *Hope*, *Possessions* (*thear*)
Of Crowns so Rich as neuer entred Eare,
Eye neuer sawe, nor euer Heart conceav'd;
So strong *Assur'd*, as cannot be bereav'd.

Waile not his death: His *Vertues* cannot *Dye*;
Immortall Issue of E T E R N I T I E.

His Soule in Blisse beholds her Makers Eyes:
His goodlie Body shall more glorious *Rise*.
Weepe not for H I M: weepe for our selues, alas!
(Not for our *primate*, or *Peculiar* case:
As, for our *Sonn's*, *Brother's*, or *Master's* lack,
Or *Prince's* losse (or *Expectations* wrack)
Our *Places*, *Graces*, *profits*, *Pensions* lost,
Our *present Fortunes* cast, our *future* crost)

C

Weepe






Weep for our *Sinnes*, our *Wicked-Prouocations*,
Our haynous, horrid, high ABHOMINATIONS;
Both *seen* and *secret* ; both in High and Lowe :
Weep, weep for *These* ; and stript, from Top to Toe,
Of *guiddie-Gaude*s, Top-gallant *Tires* and *Towers*,
Of *Face-pride*, *Cafe-pride*, *Shin-pride*, *Shoo-pride*, ours
(*Like NINIVITES* sooner *Their threatned Fall*)
In blackest *Sack* and *Cinders* throwd All,
Not like a *Bull-rush*, for a day or two,
To stoop, and droop, and *seem* as others *doo*,
(As *A CHAB yerst*, and *PHARAO*, in Distress)


And then return vnto our old Excess
(As *Doggs* vnto their *Mewte*, *Hoggs* to their *Mire*)
But, day by day, vntill our last expire,
With bended *Knees*, but more with broken harts,
And th' *inward* rest of right *Repentant* Parts,
Prostrate our *Soules* in *Fasting* and in *Praier*,
Before the Foot-stool of th' *Empyreal CHAIER* :
That So, What-euer bloodie *DELUGE* float
From th' old *Red Dragons* wide-wide-yawning *Throat*,
Wee, *Humbled MOVRNERS*, may be Heau'nly *Markt*,
In *MERCIE'S Vessell* to be All imbARKT.




AN EPITAPH.




WHen Great French HENRY Fates bereft,
His Name and Fame to OVRs Hee left;
As ablest ATLAS Then, to proppe
The Waight of WORTH, the World of HOPE:
But, ENGLAND's Sinnes (a heavier Load)
So over-layd His Shoulders broad,
That, crush'd downe, Heer lies HEE dead.
So, HOPE is fall'n, and WORTH is fled.



ANOTHER.



WHom All admir'd, whom All (almost) ador'd,
For all the Parts of all PANDORA's Treasure;
The Hope of All, to haue all Good restor'd;
HIM All our Ills haue slain, by Heav'n's Displeasure.



By HIS (late) HIGHNESSE

First Worst
&
Poet Pens'on

Ioſuah Sylueſter.



In Obitum Sereniss. Principis, HENRICI.

Occidit ante diem *Iuuenum flos, gloria stirpis*
Regalis, Patria spes columenq; sua.
Occidit ante diem, *Patri populiq; Britannis*
Flendus, & his iunctis fœdere, amore, sacris.
Occidit ante diem, *gesturus Principe digna,*
Accelerasset ei ni fera Parca necem.
Occidit ante diem, *virtutis & ubere fructu,*
Et mundum exemplo funere destituens.
Occidit ante diem, *si vota & commoda spectes*
Publica, vel vitam si breuitate notes.
Sin vitam spectes partam illi morte perennem,
Hand iam, par Superis, occidit ante diem.

G.Q.

SONETTO Sopra il medesimo Soggetto.

IL fior de Principi nel fior de gl'anni,
Et delle nostre Speranze, ora è colto
Dalla spietata Morte (ahi lasso) e tolto
A noi dolenti e miseri Britanni.
A nessun Popol' mai diè tanti affanni
Morendo alcun gran Principe, per molto
Ch'ei fosse amato, quanti il nostro sciolto
Dal corpo ci lascia e dolori, e danni.
Dal Ciel pareua ch'ei ci fosse dato,
Perche del Padrè Successor nel Regno
Fosse, e felice, e chiaro e'n Pace, e'n Guerra.
Ma ci vien tolto (ohime) dal Ciel irato
A danni nostri, perche di se degno
Stimollo, e' indegna esser di Lui la Terra.

Gual: Quin.



In Pontificium exprobrantem nobis
sexum Nouembris.

O Invidorum quisquis es, R O M V L I nepos,
Qui fata nobis exprobras *Nouembrium*,
Crudelis audi: Nunquid autumas Scelus
Illud nefandum, sulphureum, igneum, Malo
Oblitterari posse succedaneo?
Ocellus orbis H E N R I C V S, quoquo die
Nouo beârit spiritu coeli domos,
Infame vestri nomen Ausi perpetim
Ad execrantes transuolabit Posteror;
Tantoq; deinceps attriore Calculo
Signabitur, quantò *ultimum* H E N R I C I diem
Attingit vsq; propius. Vnius docet
Iactura (quamuis Numinis dempti manu)
Quantum luisset Orbis, vno vulnere
Si tota Magni stirps I A C O B I regia
Tulisset vnum funus à vestro D I T E.

Indignabundus effutit,

I O S. H A L L.

C--D

The same Englished.

Against the Papiſt vpbrayding vs
with the ſixt of NOVEMBER.

W*hat-euer envious Romulide Thou art*
vpbraid'ſt vs with NOVEMBER's fatal part:
O Cruel! Thinkſt Thou, thinkſt Thou, any Time
Can, That nefarious, firie, ſulphurie Crime,
That helliſh, horrid, bloody, readie-Deed,
Blot-out, by any ILL that can ſucceed?
What-euer Day, Earth's-Dearling HENRY had
With His Soule's preſence made Heavens Preſence glad,
Th' infamous Fame of your PLOT's Prodigies
Muſt over-flie to all POSTERITIE'S
Juſt Execration; and-bee more abhor'd,
The more it neers the Death of HIM, My LORD.
HIS Death, alone (though by the hand of Heauen)
Shewes what a Wound You to the WORLD had giuen,
If Our Great IAMES, His royall Iſſue, all
Had by Your Hell-Blowe had One FVNERALL.

By I.S.

FINIS.

Vpon
The vnseasonable times, that haue
followed the vnseasonable death
of my sweete Master,
Prince HENRY.

Fond Vulgar, canst thou thinke it strange to finde
So *watery* Winter, and so wastefull *Winde*?
What other face could Natures age become,
In looking on Great HENRY's Herse and Toome?
The World's whole Frame, his Part in *mourning* beares:
The *Windes* are Sighes: the *Raine* is Heauens Teares:
And if These Teares berife, and Sighes be strong,
Such Sighs, such Tears, to these sad Times belong. (make
These Showrs haue drown'd all Hearts: These Sighs did
The CHVRCH, the WORLD, with Grieffs, with Feares to
Weep on, ye Heauens; and Sigh as ye begon: (shake.
Men's Sighes and Teares are slight, and quickly done.

I. Hall.

*Of the Rain-bowe, that was reported to be
seene in the night, ouer St. IAMES, before the
Princes death; and of the vnseasonable
Winter, since.*

WAs euer nightly RAIN-BOVVE seene?
Dideuer WINTER *mourne* in *greene*?
Had that long *Bowe* been bent by Day,
'T had chased all our *Clouds* away:
But, now that it by Night appeares,
It tels the DELUGE of our *Teares*.
No maruell RAIN-BOVVEs shine by Night,
When *Suns* yer Noone do lose their light.
IRIS was wont to be, of old,
Heav'ns Messenger to Earthly mold;
And now Shee came to bring vs downe
Sad Newes of HENRY's better Crowne.
And as the *Easterne* STAR did tell
The *Persian* Sages, of that Cell
Where SION's King was *borne* and lay;
And ouer that same House did stay:
So did This *Westerne* BOVVE descry
Where HENRY, Prince of Men, should *die*:
Lo there This ARCH of Heav'nly state
Rais'd to the TRIVMPH of his Fate;
Yet, rais'd in dark of Night, to shoue
His *Glory* should bee with our *Woe*.
And Now, for that mens *Mourning* weed
Reports a Griefe not felt, indeed;
The WINTER weeps, and inournes in deed,
Though clothed in a SUMMER weed.

I. Hall.

FINIS.

S V N D R Y
F V N E R A L
E L E G I E S,

O N T H E U N T I M E L Y

Death of the most ex-

cellent P R I N C E,

H E N R Y;

Late, P R I N C E of W A L E S.

Composed by severall
A U T H O R S.



1613.

To the feuerall Authors of these
surrepted Elegies.

After so many, vulgar, Icie Showers,
Be not displeas'd We shewe These Pearls of Yours;
Whose Orient Hue and Orbie Height, admir'd
Of enery Sort, is enery-where desir'd,
As worthiest Iewells for the Front of Fame
When Shee proclaimes All-Worthy HENRY'S Name:
Whose Honor is our only Aime and Scope;
Without impeachment vnto Yours, we hope.
If any be mis-paired, or mis-plac't;
Pardon (we pray) th'un-Herald Printers haste:
Who only learn'd, at This late Funeral,
To marshall meanest, first and last of all.
If any grieue to undergoe the Press;
You All (almost) haue suffered it, for less:
If (which we feare) som-where we miss your Text;
Better inform'd, wee'l mend it in the Next.
But, if Our Stealth your Censures most incense;
Our B o o k may saue vs, for Our first Offence.

H.L. R.S.

AN ELEGIE
On the vntimely Death of the
incomparable Prince,
HENRY.

By G. G.

NOr as the people that are hir'd to crie
And howle at euery Great-mans Obsequie:
Nor as *The Wits*, that closely wooe Applause
By curious handling This sad common Cause:
Nor toucht in *My particular* at all,
By any future *Hope*, or present *Fall*
(For, This Man's Eye was neuer cast on Mee;
Nor could I dreame that euer it should bee):
Nor do I, with the fashion, *Mourne* in *Black*;
My *Sorrow's* in my Heart, not on my Back;
Where I do *weep*, because VVee haue no Sense
Of true *bemoaning* greatest Excellence.
With idle Rimes wee blot white spot-les papers
(Whose best vse is to make *Tobacco* Tapers)
There, struiuing to out-strip each others braine,
We shew how vaine we are, to shew our veine;
Foolishly thinking, in a *measur'd Verse*,
A *Losse* beyond *Dimension* to rehearse.
When yee do write of *Loue* and *pleasant* things,
Then smooth your Lines: but, in the *Losse* of *Kings*,
When all Eyes *weep*, and all true Hearts do *bleed*,
Please no-man with a Line that he shall read.
And, of This P H O E N I X, that is lately fled
To Life from hence, where all that liue are dead;
Onely pronounce, but with a voyce of Thunder,
Prince HENRY's gon: and leaue the world to wonder
What Plot of *Prouidence* it is, to shewe
Such *jewels*, and then snatch them from vs, so.

For,

FVNERAL ELEGIES.

For, What are all the Words that All can say
Of *H I M*, to *H I M*, or *V s*? They neither may
Reach to *His Vertues*, nor Our *Losse* regain,
Comfort one *Sorrow*, nor assuage one Pain.
H E E hath *His Peace*; Wee, *Grief*; all Times, *His Glorie*:
So yong so *good* was neuer found in *Storie*.

FINIS.

AN EPITAPH.

R *Eader*: Wonder think it none,
Though I speake, and am a Stone.
Heer is sbrin'd *Cælestial Dust*:
And I keepe it but in trust.
Should I not my Treasure tell,
Wonder then You might as well,
How the Stone could chuse but break,
If it did not learne to speak.
Hence, amaz'd: and ask not M E E,
Whose these sacred Ashes bee:
Purposely it is conceal'd.
For, if that should be renew'd,
All that read, would by-and-by
Melt themselves to Teares, and Dye.

St. P. O.

FINIS.

I. ELEGIE

I. *E L E G I E*
On the vntimely Death of the
incomparable Prince,
HENRY.

By Mr. HOLLAND.

HE that had told mee This, and said he dreamed,
A while agoe, I should haue thought blasphemed;
Or him in *Bedlam* wisht for want of Reason;
Or at the Tower or *Tiborn*, for his Treason.

Poore I *L E*, that with thy Tides doost howerly alter,
Out-washt with waues, in-washt with Teares, but salter;
Wert Thou so lately to thy *Name* restored,
To haue thy brest so soon, so deeply gored?
Thy Face was with His Grandams Death confounded:
In His, thy heart is broke, or hugely wounded.
Thy Prince (ô mercie God!) whole Fate and Merite
Heer or in Heav'n a *Crowne* was to inherit;
And, hee hec had, but for our *good misfortune*:
For His life-giuers Life did Heav'n importune.
And there, he doth; yea there he liueth *Crowned*:
Nor is hee *dead* vnles our *Teares* him drowned;
Though in the Angells Crowd perhaps hee fainted,
Who throngd to see Him there both *Cround* & *Sainted*.
But as the *sacring* of the King now *regnant*
Wee long deferd; and first prepar'd our pregnant
Teares for the Burial of the Queen deceased:
So, leaue wee, now, the blessed *Soule* released,
Which (like the *Kinglie Office*) never dyeth;
And turn to that sweet *Corps* which lowely lyeth.
O *Rose*! of thousand *Damsels* late desired,
Whose crimsin hew their snowie bosomes fired;
The *Rose* of LANCASTER, that fairely burned
In his fresh Cheeks, to that of Y O R K is turned.

FVNERAL ELEGIES.

Bleed T cares, ye *English* hearts, and haue Compunction:
 Your Grand-Fathers wept blood for their *Dis-iunction*.
 The Flower of All this *Age* is now deflowred:
 In Flower of all His Age him Death deuowred.
 No *Catesbie* could do more, no *Faux*, nor *Percie*
 (Of Hell the Fire-brands) nor haue shoven lesse Mercy.
 Tell me, Ye that had Hell in Earth contriued,
 Or, into Hell would hence haue digd or diued,
 What Fiend it was, or of the Fiend what Member,
 First tolde you of that *fatal* Month *November* ?
 Twas not the *Fift*, he was a *lying Prophet*,
 The *sixt* it was (nor err'd he wider of it):
 Be That a Day of *Iubile* and *Thanks-giuing* ;
 But This a dismall Day of Grones and Griuing.
 The *Court* doth mourne, and all with *black* is walled,
 Nor shall againe in haste *White-Hall* be called.
 Yea, Where at *Tilt* and *Ring*, he vs'd his races
 Is desert now : His presence filld all Places.
 How oft, when as to *West-minster* I trudged
 About my fift yeers Suite (but yet vniudged)
 He cheered vp my heart (that was full heauie)
 To see him ride before the beautilous Beauie
 Of *Ladies* bright that stood thereat amazed,
 And with their Lights the Vindowes double glazed !
 The Horse had of his load more pride then feeling,
 Now running, and now bounding, and now wheeling;
 The Fire out of his ample nostrils glowed:
 And with his mouth the ground along he snowed.
 If once he neigh'd, no other Trumpet needed,
 And like his Masters Eye or thought he speeded.
 Thus oft I saw them for the race preparing;
 His Horse the Winde, Himselfe all Commers daring.
 His armour lightened, and his Staues did thunder,
 So did the fierie Steed that flew him vnder,

Then

FVNERAL ELEGIES.

Then brake He staues : But now Our Staffe is broken,
 So are our hearts, although our hearts were Oaken :
 For now, in stead of Steed, the Beer him beareth;
 No more His Steed the flying Center reareth,
 But sadly walks before; and will no faster,
 For hurting her that must imbrace his Maister.
 Lo, with the ground where lowe he lies and leuel,
 The PRINCE of Youth, who kept that life and reuell.
 Light hearts He made: for when he lightly bounded,
 No ground but Shoutes vnto the Musicke sounded.
 Nor shouldst thou be (ô Earth) if ought might woo-thee,
 To Him more heauie then He was vnto-thee.
 Art thou yet Earth, for all thy *Mines*, so needy?
 Or, by Our *Greedines* learn'st thou be greedy?
 We digge thy Womb for *Gold* (we are so cruell)
 And digge it vp againe to hide our I E V V E L.
 But This, which in thy Bosome *now* is hoorded,
 Is worth what euer vs thou hast affoorded.
 Our *Hopes* ranne on Him; but his Fates ranne faster:
 Nor less then our Desire is our disaster.
 Ne should our *Teares* then were our *Hopes* be fewer,
 Which showre apace and make each Eye an Eawer,
 Bach brest a Bason; thence all *Hopes* be washed,
 No loue extinct; whose Flames there euer flashed:
 And shall, till vs with him they burne to Cinders;
 And soon they would, but that our weeping hinders.
 To bring in *Lee* to *This*, and *Coyle*, what needeth?
 From euery Eye, another T H A M E S. proceedeth;
 Which neuer should Deaths Image see, nor slumber,
 Till in the *South* they make a second *Humber*.
 Eies weep out Teares: Teares weep out Eies, in Kindnes;
 For, next to Death, now best of Things is Blindnes.
 When late his *Grand-dams* reliques were remoued,
 Who would haue thoght that it would thus haue proued?

FVNERAL ELEGIES.

My life, and all I had, I durst haue pawned,
 That Vault for Him would not so soone haue Yawned.
 Where Him in her cold armes she now imbraces,
 Who liuing warm'd all breasts and stain'd all faces. (sure
 Good Lord, how Time doth run! we Months can mea-
 But siue, betwixt our Treasurer and our Treasure.
 Now all is gone, the reason may be noted
 VVhy none is yet vnto the Place promoted;
 And He that best deserues of any other,
 May sigh for Him, as for his Fathers Mother.
 Alas! there is no need: no Thief will offer,
 Nor yet a Fool to rob an emptie Coffe.
 One leaden Coffin doth our Gold enuiron,
 And our more leaden Hearts are wrapt in iron.
 So dull, so hard they are that none perceiueth
 Of how much this His Death the Realm bereaueth.
 Was this Hee (or did I my Selfe but flatter)
 That of my Song should be the mightie Matter?
 This He that should heaw downe the *Turkes* like Cattle,
 And I first fight, and after sing the Battle?
 Alas! that Song must now be turn'd to sadnes:
 All Mirth and Musicke are but Fits of Madnes.
 Fy on the Face that makes a Mock of Sorrow;
 Or that, to grieue, a Cloak will beg or borrow.
 True Griefe indeed, that cannot well be choaked,
 Will finde a vent and needs not to be cloaked.
 His Stormes of Sighes and Teares will soon be layed,
 Whose head with one poore Riband may be staied.
 Giue me a running Head: His braine is idle,
 VVho giues not now vnto his Teares the bridle.
 VVhere are the Wits which He him chose and cherisht?
 Are all braue Spirits with one Bodie perisht?
 The VNIVERSITIES should make rehearsefall
 Of our sad Storie; 'tis so vniuersall.

My

FVNERAL ELEGIES.

My Mother CAMBRIDGE (whom so *Phæbus* loueth,
 As hardly from thy Confiner he remoueth)
 Are all thy *Muses* fled : thy Wits all brained ?
 Or thy sweet Springs more then thy Marshes drained ?
 And OXFORD, thou that didst taste oft his Bounty,
 Who late at *Woodstock* feasted all thy County,
 What is the Cause that both your Tongues be tyed ?
 Are *Grant* and *Thames* and all your Fountaines dried ?
 You are the Kingdomes Eyes, to you it longeth
 To weep what-e'r the Kingdom wounds or wrongeth.
 Most Sorrow, through the Eyes, the Heart perplexeth :
 But through the heart the Eyes this Sorrow vexeth.
 For, King and Realme (which should I pittie rather)
 Haue lost ; the King a Sonne, the Realme a Father :
 VVhose Gifts, with longer life, God grant his Brother :
 In all but age become He such another.
 And to His *numeral* Name (my Vow is thriftie)
 Oh ! may He adde an hundred yeares and fiftie :
 So may Her Mothers Image and His *Sister*,
 Whose pearly Eyes like both the *Indies* glister.
 And would to God that Death so long had tarried
 While He had seen her fully woo'd and *maryed*.
 But, oh ! the Mother ! how hath Shee bedewed
 With liquid Pearles the bosome stuck and strewed !
 The Queen of Loue (O ! stay her there, she soundeth)
 With Sighes and Teares her brest both drains & drow-
 His Bodie with those Teares let be embalmed, (neth.
 And to sweet Odours those sad Sighes be calmed :
 For, lo, the Spirit is flownen to God immortall,
 VVhose House high *Heauen* is, and death the Portall.
 So, VVe perhaps may giue Him worthy Buriall,
 VVhose Toomb should be another new *Escorial*.

Ille dolet verè qui sine teste dolet.

EPITAPHIVM

Ad Aram HENRICI CÆSARIS,
Principis WALLIÆ & Iuuentutis,

H. HOLLAND *fleuit fixitq̃.*

C*Rudeli Crudaq; Patri Patriaq; Ruina
Raptus, ut athereis infereretur Anis:
HENRICVS modica (sanctũ Caput!) inditur urna;
Maximus ille, suo ni Genitore minor.*

FINIS.



Looke

2. *E L E G I E*
On the vntimely Death of the
incomparable Prince,
HENRY.

By Mr. D O N N E.

Look to Me, *Faith*; and look to my *Faith*, G O D:
For, both my *Centres* feel This *Period*.
Of *Waight*, one *Centre*; one, of *Greatness* is:
And R E A S O N is That *Centre*; F A I T H is This.
For, into our *Reason* flowe, and there doe end,
All that this naturall World dorch comprehend;
Quotidian things, and Equi-distant hence,
Shut-in for Men in one *Circumference*:
But, forth' enormous *Greatnesses*, which are
So disproportion'd and so angulare,
As is G O D's *Essence*, *Place*, and *Providence*,
Where, *How*, *When* *What*, *Soules* do departed hence:
These *Things* (*Eccentrique* else) on *Faith* do strike;
Yet neither All, nor vpon all alike:
For, *Reason*, put t' her best *Extension*,
Almost meetes *Faith*, and makes both *Centres* one:
And nothing euer came so neer to This,
As *Contemplation* of the P R I N C E wee misse.
For, All that *Faith* could credit Mankinde could,
Reason still seconded that This P R I N C E would.
If then, least Mouings of the *Centre* make
(More then if whole Hell belcht) the World to shake,
What must This doo, *Centres* distracted so,
That Wee see not what to belecue or knowe?
Was it not well believ'd, till now; that *Hee*,
Whose *Reputation* was an *Extasie*

FVNERAL ELEGIES.

On Neighbour States ; which knew not Why to wake
Till *Hee* discoverd what wayes *Hee* would take :
For *Whom* what *Princes* angled (when they tryed)
Mett a *Torpedo*, and were stupefied :
And Others studies, how *Hee* would be bent,
Was His great *Father's* greatest Instrument,
And activ't spirit to conuey and rye
This soule of *Peace* through CHRISTIANITIE ?
Was it not well believ'd, that *Hee* would make
This *general Peace* th' eternall ouertake ?
And that *His* Times might haue stretcht out so far
As to touch Those of which they *Emblems* are ?
For, to confirm this iust Belief, that Now
The *last Dayes* came ; wee saw Heaven did allow
That but from *His* aspect and Excercise,
In *Peace*-full times, Rumors of *Warrs* should rise.
But *now* This *Faith* is *Heresie*; wee must
Still stay, and vex our *Great-Grand-Mother*, D V S R.
Oh ! Is G O D prodigall ? Hath He spent his store
Of Plagues on vs ? and only now, when more
Would ease vs much, doth he grudge Miseric,
And will not lett's enioy our *Curse*, to *Dye* ?
As, for the Earth throw'n lowest downe of all,
'T were an *Ambition* to desire to fall:
So God, in our *desire* to *dye*, dooth know
Our Plot for *Ease*, in beeing *Wretched* so.
Therefore *Wee* live: though such a Life wee haue
As but so manie *Mandrakes* on his Grave.
What had *His growth* and *generation* donne ?
When what wee are, his *putrefaction*
Sustains in vs, Earth; which *Griefs* animate:
Nor hath our World now other *soule* then That.
And could *Grief* gett so high as Heav'n, that *Quire*
Forgetting This, their new Ioy would desire

(With

FVNERAL ELEGIES,

(VVith grief to see him) *Hee* had staid belowe,
To rectifie Our *Errors* They fore knowe.

Is th' other *Centre*, *REASON*, faster, then?
VVhere should wee look for That, now w'are not Men?
For, if our *Reason* be our *Connexion*
VVith *Causes*, now to vs there can be none.
For, as, if all the *Substances* were spent,
'T were Madnes to enquire of *Accident*:
So is't to looke for *Reason*, *HEE* being gone,
The only *Subiect* *REASON* wrought vpon.

If *Faith* haue such a *chaine*, whose diuers Links
Industrious Man discerneth, as he thinks,
VVhen Miracle dooth ioine; and to steal-in
A new link Man knowes not where to begin:
At a much deader Fault must *Reason* bee,
Death hauing broke-off such a Link as *Hee*.
But, now, for vs with busie *Proofs* to come
That w' haue no *Reason*, would proue we had some:
So would iust *Lamentations*. Therefore Wee
May safelier say, that VVee are dead, then *Hee*.
So, if our *Griefs* wee doo not well declare,
VV' haue double Excuse; *Hee* is not dead, VVee are.
Yet would not I dye yet; for though I bee
Too-narrow, to think *HIM*, as *Hee* is *HEE*
(Our *Soule's* best Bayting and Mid-period
In her long *Journey* of *Considering* *God*)
Yet (no Dishonor) I can reach Him *thus*;
As *Hee* embrac't the *Fires* of *Loue* with vs.
Oh! May I (*since* I liue) but see or hear
That *Shee-Intelligence* which mov'd This *Spear*,
I pardon Fate my Life. Who-e'r thou bee
Which hast the noble *Conscience*, Thou art *Shee*.
I coniure Thee by all the *Charmes* *Hee* spoke,
By th' Oathes which only you *Two* neuer broke,

FVNERIAL ELEGIES.

By all the *Soules* you *fight*; that if you see
These Lines, you with I knew *Your Historie*:
So, much as *You Two mutual Heavens* were here,
I were an *Angel* singing what *You* were.



It

3. *E L E G I E*
On the vntimely Death of the
incomparable Prince,
H E N R Y.

By S^r. WILLIAM CORNVALLIS

It is not Night; yet all the World is black:
The *Fiat*'s past; and yet *Our Sunne* wee lack.
Now know I *Ioyes* and *Griefs* are numbred, known
By our Capacities, not by their owne.
The Lord and Lown together mix their Plaint:
Some hearts doo swell, some pine, and other faint.
This *Grief*'s much like a curious Painters hand
That meets all Eyes, which way so'er they stand.
Who had not layd his *Hopes* vpon H i s head?
Who must not sorrow when his *Hopes* are dead?
If euerie common *Sorrow* forceth Teares,
And Sighes and Groanes for Cognizance it beares;
Shall This vn-thought, vnparalleled *Losse*,
This vniuersall Ship-wracke's *Grief* and *Crosse*,
Carrie no other Character of *Woes*
Then such wherein the basest Sorrow goes?
Though wee could not his saddest Fate eschew,
Yet may wee pay his Memorie her dew.
Let then This *Grief* for euer fresh remain,
And binde wee our Posteritie to plain.
Let's, to the *Reuolution* of This Day
Of *Lamentations*, yearly Tribute pay.
Let all Times knowe our *Princely* H A R R Y's Name,
And let not *Age*, nor *Enuye* eat His Fame.
Oh! let all Tongues be liuing *Epitaphs*,
And let them lead our Children to the path
VWhich his wise, noble, pious Actions trac't,
VWhere *Vertue* H i m, and *Hee* even *Vertue* grac't.

FVNERAL ELEGIES

So *grau*e and *braue* a *Presence*, so compos'd
 That *Grace* and *Terror* both at once disclos'd
 H I M and Themselues so, to the standers-by,
 As His Commands were written in his Eye:
 And yet, even then hee could as well obay;
 For, to his *Royall* Father *Hee* did pay
 A Sonn's and Subiect's dew Obedience.
 Oh! how *farre* is't from our Experience,
 To see great Fortunes truely moderate,
 And purchasers of Loue, and not of Hate!
 But, I haue not so manie Griefs to spare
 (Nor shall this dropsie World suck vp my Care)
 That, but to H I M and His vntimely Fate,
 Could lend one Sorrow from my hapless State.
 Yet, not vntimelic; since wee know 'tis reason
 That Time should follow Time; and Season Season.
Hee bare ripe Fruite, even in his verie Prime:
Nature, in Him made haste to out-run *Time*.
 Dull lazie Bodies passe not fast Careers:
 Wise Men count Lyues by Actions, not by yeares.
 Wee need admire no longer P H I L I P P 's Sonne:
 Neuer was Life in little better donne.
 How did *Hee* gouern his will chosen Train,
 Without Disorder or Luxurious Stain!
 In His Howse, *Peace* and *Plentie* had their byding,
 And *Hospitality* her Chief residing.
 Never did Youth and Greatnes take their Inne
 Where they were kept so spot-les without Sinn:
 Nor ever did Authoritie lesse harme,
 Which oft (alas!) doth *Vice* not *Vertue* arm.
 No venome lurked in his harm-les Pleasures;
 They were not Maisters of his Time nor Treasures;
 Nor were they idle, or without an End:
 But all, to som more serious Course, did tend.

Thus

FVNERAL ELEGIES.

Thus did Hee vse Tennis, Balloon, and Foiles,
 To make a well-breath'd Bodie fitt for Toiles.
 Thus manag'd Hee Pikes, Pistols, Horses, Armes,
 To be prepar'd against his Country's harmes.
 How did *Hee* loue that ranisher of Soules,
 Which, all base, muddie, earthly Thoughts controules!
 (Had I *Prométheus* bin, in stead of Fire,
 My Theft had bin the Songs of Heauens Quire.)
 Yet here, His moderation kept her pase:
 For, *Musiks* wanton part though He could grace,
 As well as euer yet could Carpet knight,
 And could adorn a Dance to please the sight
 Of the most choise and curious Damsells eyes;
 Yet held Hee that, among those Mysteries,
 That neuer are, or can be better vs'd,
 Then when, inforc't, they cannot be refus'd:
 But, running, swimming, and such excercise,
 As much more Masculine, hee more did prize.
 Neither did These His brave and actiue Parts
 Hinder his minde. For, though in pedant Arts
 Hee were not lip-learnd: yet his Iudgement knew
 The Latitude of things; and how to view
 The Court and her Invisibilities;
 Which, seen, are not seen, often, by the Wife.
 No Tongue can euer be to anie Eares
 A trewer Treasurer of what it heares;
 Not like a petty Stream, which cannot bear
 The least accessse, but that it strait doth rear
 His head above his Banks, or els must vtter
 What is receiv'd, into some Ditch or gutter:
 But like the Sea, where no accession can
 Make't visible vnto the eyes of Man.
 Wise *Secrecie*, the Ligament of Friends,
 Was His, and His euer to noble ends:

For

FVNERAL ELEGIES.

For, by it, Heeread Men, in stead of Books;
 As Hee must doo, that into Kingdomes looks.
 Times *past* by Entrailes vsed to presage;
 And *ours* by Humors, Malice, Envie, Rage.
 But, runn no farther in this Maze, my *Muse*;
 Hee knew Vice, but no Vice could e'r infuse
 Her Poison into His well ordered Minde;
Religion there and *Conscience* were combin'd,
 And made a strong and holy warr-like Fence
 Against base, crooked Ends; and Lust of Sense.
 O! Miracle of Nature! how could'st Thou
 Keep thy great Fortunes, that they did not bow
 To Appetite, and Sensuall Delight?
 Since they that gainst the carnall Man doo fight,
 Scarce trust themselves with life, for fear of Treason;
 What force had then Thy more then humane Reason,
 Which in the midst of all that might allure,
 Did yet the Castle of thy Minde assure?
 Wonder of this our *Age*, what Sorrow may
 THEE, and *Thy heauie Losse*, to life display?
 Not My dull *Muse*; which, while shee doth renew
 Thy Memorie, knowes only what is dew,
 But cannot pay thee. Grief hath already spent
 My Bodie's store: But yet my Soule lament,
 And in a *silent Dove-like Dirge* bemone,
The Ioye and Beantie of the World is gone.
 And yet, not gone: For though the VVorld contain
 One only PHOENIX, and that One is slain;
 Yet may our now next *Hope* another proue:
 The same Sunne shines on HIM with no less love.
 - Pardon mee then, sweet PRINCE, fair-blooming Youth:
 As thou art raisd, so art thou sett from Trueth
 A Degree farther then thou wert, of late;
 Thou, now, with Others eyes must see thy State:

VVhich

FVNERAL ELEGIES.

Which though my Vowes shall wish may see aright ;
Yet can I not wish you a better Light,
Then the remembrance of your Brothers Gifts.

Whose Thought vpon faire past Examples rests,
Hath honest *Counsaillers* as well as wise:
In liuing Councells *Passion* often lyes.
The only Doubt is, that Examples past,
In other State-moulds, former-fram'd and cast,
Are hardlie fitted to these Times of ours.
But (noble *Prince*) This Fear need not be Yours:
It is your Selfe I sett before your view ;
The Print of these faire stepps is fresh and new.
Farr in the World's Discouerie Hee saild;
And, neither *Sirens* Songs, nor Rocks preuaild
T'impeach His Course, or to diuert his way:
His *Voyage* donne, Hee rests now in the Bay:
Hee came home richlie laden all with Harts,
Wonne by the Prowels of His iust Defarts.
And now, deer Sir, your Courte beginneth next:
Take, I beseech you, His, for Map or Text;
And then dilate vpon it what your please.
I only warne you, Let not sluggish Ease
Benum your Senses: nor let hastie Flight,
With seeing only vp-ward, daze your sight.
Man hath ynough to doo, where-ever plac't;
And *Greatnes* is mistaken, if not grac't
With *Iustice*, *Goodnes* and *Integritie*;
The wisest and the safest *Policie*.
For, no Lawe doth so deeplie penetrate
Into the veines and marrow of a State,
As those, th' Examples of Your lyues present:
Which silently drawe all Men to consent,
And doo accord the Subiects hearts to Yours ;
Loue making sweet the sharpnes of your Powers.

FVNERAL ELEGIES.

Lastly to Thee, great King, faire spreading Palm,
 Which at thy Comming all our Stormes didst calm;
 Now, I implore you to appease Your Owne:
 These are but *Hopes*; You, our Assurance known:
 Vnder whose Shade this Iland doth possess
 All kinde of Comforts and of Happiness;
 But, can no longer, if your Self giue-way
 That discontented Sadnes shall betray
 Your Peace, on which your Subiects Peace doth liue.
 Pardon, deer Sir, if I complain, you give
 More then your Owne; Your Ioyes or Griefes are Ours;
 And nothing but the Dispensation, Yours.
 Should Clowdes for-euer shade the fruitfull Sun,
 The Earth and all her Of-spring were vndon.
 You are our Sunn: and from your glorious Beams,
 The Happiness of all your Subiects streames:
 For *Iustice* sake, your Owne, and all this Land,
 O're-come this great *Eclipse*; your Selfe command.
 Your Happie-fortune you could moderate:
 To make your Glorie complete, bear This Fate
 With the like Temper; that the World may know
 Your happie *Greatnes* you doo only owe
 To GOD and VERTVE; which doo still advance
 Their Votarics about the Power of *Chance*.

On

FINIS.

4. ELEGIE
On the vntimely Death of the
incomparable Prince,
HENRY.

By S^r. EDWARD HERBERT.

MVlt *HEE* be Euer dead? Cannot Wee add
Another Life vnto That PRINCE, that had
Our *Soules* layd vp in *Him*? Could not our Loue,
Now when *Hee* left vs, make that Bodie moue
After *His Death*, one Age? and keep vnite
That *Name* wherein our *Soules* did so delight?
For, what are *Soules*, but Loue? since they do know
Only for it, and can no farther goe.
Sense is the *Soule* of Beastes; because none can
Proceed so farr as to vnderstand, like Man.
And, if *Soules* bee more where they loue, then where
They animate, why did it not appear
In keping *Him* alyue? Or, how is Fate
Equall to vs, while one mans priuate state
May ruin Kingdomes, when *Shce* will expose
Him to a certain Death; and yet All those,
Whose loues would giue thousands of liues for one,
Not keep alyue This PRINCE who now is gone?
Or, doo wee dye in *HIM*; only as wee
May, in the worlds *harmonick* Bodie, see
An vniuerfally diffused *Soule*
Moue in the Parts, which moves not in the Whole?
So though Wee dy'd with *HIM*, wee doo appear
To liue and stirre awhile; as if *Hee* were
Still quickning vs? Or doo (perchance) wee liue
And knowe it not? See wee not *Autumne* give
Back to the Earth againe what it receiv'd
In th' early *Spring*; and may not Wee, deceiv'd,
Think that those Powers are dead, which doo but Sleep,
And the Worlds *Soule* doth re-vnited keep?
And though this *Autumne* gaue what neuer more
Anie *Spring* can vnto the World restore:
May wee not be deceiv'd, and think wee knowe
Our Selues for dead, because that wee are so

Vnto

FVNERAL ELEGIES.

Vnto each other, when yct wee doo liue
A Life *His Loue* and *Memorie* dooth giue,
Who was our World's *Soule*: and to whom wee are
So re-vnite, that in H I M wee repaire
All other our Affections ill bestow'd;
Since by This loue wee now haue such abode
With *Him* in Heav'n, as wee had heer, before
Hee left vs, *dead*. Nor shall wee question more,
Whether the *Soule* of Man be *Memorie*;
As *Plato* thought. Wee and Posteritie
Shall celebrate H I S *Name*; and *Vertuous* growe,
Only in *Memorie* that H E was so,
And, in that Power VVee may seem yet to liue,
Because *Hee* liued once; though wee shall strive
To sigh-away this *seeming Life* so fast,
As if with vs. 't were not already past.
Wee then are dead; for what dooth now remain
To *please* vs more, or what can wee call *Gain*,
Now wee haue lost H I M? And what else doth make
Difference in *Life* and *Death*, but to partake
Nor *ioye* nor *Pain*? O *Death*! couldst thou fullfill
Thy Rage against vs, no way, but to kill
This P R I N C E in whom weeliv'd, that so, we All
At once might perish by thy hand, and fall
Vnder This *Ruine*? Henceforth, though wee should
Doo all the actions that the liuing would,
Yet shall wee not remember that wee liue,
No more, then when our Mothers wombe did giue
That Life wee felt not. Or should wee proceed
To such a wonder, that the *dead* should breed;
It should be wrought, to *keep* that *Memorie*,
Which being H I S, can therfore *neuer dye*.

On

FINIS.

5. *ELEGIE*
On the vntimely Death of the
incomparable Prince,
HENRY.

By S^r. HENRY GOODYERE.

F^Irst, let me ask my Self, why I would trye,
Vnmeasur'd Grieffs, in measur'd lines, to tie;
Or think *poëtik Magick* should enclose
In such a Circle All-surmounting Woos.
Next; let me ask my Hearers: Will not They
Think, I take part with *Death*, what-e'r I say?
For, Thus to measure, is t' *Eclipse* this Sunne,
And re-diminish him, as *Death* hath donne.
Him let me aske; Will not *Hee* think, that This
Som wrong to Him, and som de-merit is,
That I should be thus carefull to expresse
Our Losse, and leaue out His great *Happiness*?
Will not *Hee* think, that by *lamenting* Thus
His leauing of these Kingdomes and of Vs,
Wee doo not towards his new-got Kingdome strue,
Where He is *Crown'd*, his Fathers both alyue?
But I'll aske none: I neither aske relief
Nor counsell now of anie, but my Grief.
Self-preservation moues me: I shall break
If I stay, thinking still, and doo not speak.
But, What? At least expresse thy Grief this way,
In saying that thou know'st not what to say:
Say, that It might be thought some pietie,
To griue that thou griev'st not sufficiently;
As Charitie, in greatest Sinner's Case,
Admits such grief for some degree of grace.
Say, that As *Artists*, which pretend to take
Great Heights with little Instruments, doo make

FVNERAL ELEGIES.

Vnpardonable Errors; so would I,
 His Greatnes, Goodnes, or our Miseric
 Thus to descriue, or who-soeuer shall
 Work in this mist of Grief which shadowes all;
 This Grief, that vniversally so infects,
 That each Face is a Glasse whence it reflects.
 For, as who doth ten thousand Glasses try,
 Receiues his owne Face back into his eye:
 So, if on twenty millions you light,
 Each Face reflects your owne Grief in your sight;
 Grief, which from vs must be deriued so,
 As many Learned thought our Soules to goe,
 By *Propagation*; and must reach to all
 The After-born, like *Sinn Originall*.
 And there's now no way left vs, to preuent
 This Miseric, except This Age consent
 To burn all *Records of HIS Historie*;
 To burn his *Tombe*, and euery *Elegie*;
 To burn His *Proiects* all; and so keep hid
 All that was donne for Him, and what Hee did:
 That so, our Heires may neuer come to knowe
 His *Worth*, Our *Losse*; so to inherit Woe.
 But, That were an vniust Impiety.
 Better they suffer, then His *Worth* should dye.
 Besides: 't were Vain; since *Nature* hath, wee see,
 Fore-told All (as it were) by *Prophecie*.
 She made our World Then, when Shee made His *Head*:
 Our Sense, Our *Verdure*, from His Brain was bred:
 And, as *Two great Destructions* haue and must
 Deface, and bring to nothing, That of *Dust*;
 So, Our true *World*, This *PRINCES Head* and *Brain*,
 A wastefull *Deluge* did and *Fire* sustain.
 But, as Fore-sight of *Two such Wastes*, mad *SEN*
 Erect *Two Columnes*, 't ovt-lie the Worlds death,
 Against

FVNERAL ELEGIES.

Against the FLOOD and FLAME, of *Brick and Stone*;
In which he hath by his Prouision,
Preserv'd from *Barbarisme and Ignorance*
Th' ensuewing Ages; and did re-advance
All *Sciences*, which he engraue'd There:
So, by our SETH's Prouision haue wee, Heer,
Two Pillars left; where, what so-e're wee priz'd
In Our lost World, is well *Characteriz'd*.
The list'ning to this *Soueraine Harmonie*,
Tames my Griefs rage; that now, as ELEGIE,
Made at the first for *Mourning*, hath bin since
Imploy'd on *Loue, Ioy, and Magnificence*;
So this particular *Elegie* shall enclose
(Meant for my Grief for HIM) with Ioy for THOSE.

FINIS.



6. ELEGIE.

A Pilgrim's sad Obseruation vpon
a disastrous Accident, in
his Trauaile towards the
HOLY-LAND.

WHat doleful Noise is This! What Shrieks! What Cryes?
Listen, mine Eares; Look out, my wakefull spies.
A sable World I see; heare a sad Dittie
Of Many-Parts, would rend a Rock with Pittie.
Each hath his fashion, as his Palsions sway:
And if I right conceine them, Thus they say;

The King. O! my Son, HENRY! O my Son! my Son!
Not as King David for his Absolon, 2 Sam. 18
I mourne for thee, my Sonne, Mirrour of piety; 33
But, for My lack and loſs of thy ſocietie.
O great LAVV-GIVER! Where is that Condition
Thou mad'st to thoſe ſhewe filiall ſubmiſſion
In Honouring their Parents, To prolong
Their daies on earth? But, Thou doſt no man wrong:
For Me, next Thee, 'boue all on Earth he priz'd.
So, Hee with Thee in Heav'n is eterniz'd.

The Queen. Son of my womb, O Son of my deſire,
How art thou quencht, prime ſparkle of my fire! Prou. 31. 1
The World will now this Paradox maintaine, 2. Sam. 14
An Iſrahel was borne, when HENRY ſtill liue. 7
O Death, thou Philistine Vncircumciz'd, 1. Sam. 4
O that thou mightſt with torments be chaſtiz'd, 21
Till here aſſue my HENRY Thou reſtore:
But I (alas!) in vaine my loſs deplore.
Yet let me not in vaine Thy help intreat;
Thou All-reſtorer, only Good and Great;

G

Who

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

Dant. 12. 6 Who sayst, *Kill not the yong ones with the Breeder*;
My feeble Flock thou hast rest of their Leader,
That to the Remnant should haue bene Defense:

Heb. 13. 20 But, Thou, *Great Shepheard*, canst this recompense.
Then, to my tender Flock long safety giue;

G:n. 19. 20 *Is't not a little-one, and My Soule shall liue?*

The Prince. Good Brother (for, I cannot yet forget
That Name, wherein our loues so often met.)

Brother, is this the pleasure that you do me,
To leaue these Shadows of your Honours to me;
And rob me of your *Selfe*: in Whom, more pleasure
I did conceiue, then in all earthly Treasure.

Giue me your *Selfe*, againe: That was My Glory.

Too well You teach me, These be transitory.

They title Me, *PRINCE*; *HIGHNES*; & such other:

All, None to That, when You instil'd mee, *BROTHER*.

Pr. Eliz. Ah Me! Liue I? or do I dreame?

I see, Things be not, as they seem.

Nor seeme they what they be indeed:

He seem'd to liue, that now is dead;

Yet seems but dead: Hee is aliue,

Where my best Hopes shall once arriue.

There may I euer Him possesse:

My Loss, This only may redress.

Prince - An Miser, an Felix reputer, Te (Maxime Princeps)

Palatino. Vidisse? Est, faelix qui fuit, ille miser.

Gaudeo me Misericordiam sine Te; dum spes mihi detur.

ABeterna ut Tecum Prosperitate fruar.

IDEA interea Mecum Tua pulchra maneto:

Quam mihi (si fas est dicere) dico Deam.

Whether (alas!) shall I Mee weene

Happy, or hapless, To haue seene

Thee;

FVNERAL ELEGIES.

Thee, Nobleſt Prince? A Wretched State
It is, To haue beene fortunate.
Let Mee be wretched, while Thou bee
No partner in my miſerree;
And while I hope once to inioy
With Thee that euerlaſting Ioy.
But, till I meet Thee bleſt, aboue,
Thy faire IDEA, my deer Loue,
Be ſtill My *Saint*: at whoſe pure Shrine,
I may adore all *Worths* of Thine.

His Family. Ah, deereſt *Maſter*! Mote we all haue dy'd,
T'haue ranſom'd Thee from Death, that wert our Pride:
Our Pride (alas!) That was Thy Death: thy Death
Our Life yet may be, if thou mightſt bequeath
Thy liuing Vertues to our dying Liues.
He dies not, who from Vertue life deriues.
No other *Legacy* we now expect
From thee; who liuing didſt with care reſpect
Thy careful Traine: whereof experiment
Thou'gav'ſt in that thy *Will* and *Teſtament*.
Thy *Will* and *Teſtament* it prov'd indeed,
When to thy Seruants, *Penſions* were decreed,
Subſcrib'd and ſigned by that gracious Hand,
Yer it the *Penſioners* did vnderſtand.
This done, ſaydſt Thou in priuate; *Next muſt I*
Relieve my poorer ſervants Pouertie.
But, cruell Sergeant, Death, eſt ſooner arreſted
Thy ſacred Body; whence thy ſtrength he wreſted,
And Thee imprison'd; till thou didſt him pay
The vtmoſt farthing of thy ſatall Day.
Yet, thou haſt left this glorious Bequeſt,
To all thy *Servants*, that whereſo we reſt,

FVNERAL ELEGIES.

Or wander through the World, yet we may say,
We were Prince HENRY'S Followers. And may
 We euer be his Followers, till we bee
 His *Fellow-faints* in that ETERNITEB (wound?)

Church. Why do we waile Him, whom our selues did
 Or cry for Him, that's now with glory Crown'd?

Let's for our Selues, and for our Children weep:
 And our hard hearts in brinish Teares let's steep.

Great is the Wrath now from the Lord proceeds:

Num. 17 *The Plague is new begun; the VVound yet bleeds.*

46 What? Such a *Prince*? So *VVife*? so *Vertuous*?

So *Pious*? so *Benigne*? so *Valorous*?

Such? such a *Prince*? and then, ev'n Then to be

Taken from vs, when Cause of *Thankfull Glee*

We had for that *Pardon-deliverance*!

Now marr'd for euer with such heavy chance.

For, neuer shall returne *Fift* of Nouember,

But with remorse we must the *Sixt* remember.

Nay: was he not ev'n on the *Fift*, ar dying,

From death awak't with sad Beholders crying?

What might the Cause be, or what our Offence,

That should the Lord so vehement incense,

His Mercy into Worm-wood thus to turne,

Isay 3. 24 And this our *Beauty with such Blasting burne*?

What is it else, but that we haue abus'd

This memorable Mercy, and refus'd

Quite to extinguish those *Hell-fierbrands*,

Whom for This Cause God put into our hands?

But, Is it He? This Innocent, that must

Be sacrific'd for This? That were vniust.

In Mercy, rather He is taken hence,

Lest He should see the Evil's consequence

(Which hath but checkt vs yet) whose sad euent

We cannot shun, except we soon repent.

Nobil.

FVNERAL ELEGIES.

Nobil. Faire Blossom! noblest Stem of noblest Stock!
 How doth thy Blasting all our Boasting mock!
 How shall we waile such Los! whose Parallel,
 Nor changeless *Truth*, nor boundless *Fame* can tell.
Greece could lament great *Alexander's* fate;
 And *Rome*, her ancient *Worthies* celebrate
 With Funerall *Dirges*: Euery *Country* can
 Bemone their mis of some remarked Man.
 Then, Let vs rise, and all those *Countries* range,
 And of their Lamentations learne each change;
 Sith all their seuerall *Worthies* worth, and more,
 Was treasur'd vp in our One HENRY's store.

Clergy. *Chariots* and *Horse-men* of our ISRAEL,
 Mounting from Earth to Heauen there to dwell,
 What Euill didst thou fore-see on vs to come?
 As if thou dred'st to see our future Doome.
 Or what great Euill may not Wee foresee,
 That of so great a Good despoyled be?
The Citie's Substance is the holy Seed:
 Which, reapt, her neere Destruction is decreed.
 The bold *Star-gazers* dare Prognosticate
 Disastrous Accidents to Towne and State,
 Wichin whose Clyme is Sun or Moon-eclipse.
 Th' Effects win credit to their leasing lips.
 And may not Wee more certainly diuine
 What Wracks the great *Star-guider* doth designe,
 When such a *Sun* falls from our *Firmament*?
 A present Cause of dolefull Dreriment;
 A sad Presage of IUSTICE heauier hand
 (VVithout Repentance) on this sinfull Land.
 And now, vain World, what needst thou more be warnd
 To leaue thy *Vanity*? Hast thou not learn'd
 This Lesson yet by heart; that sith Hee's dead,
 In whom thou mightst all Grace and Vertue read,

Esa. 6.23

FVNERAL ELEGIES.

In whom all worldly Happines was plac't ;
No worldly Happines can long time last?

Gentry. Heroick *Chieftain*, who our Hearts didst fill
With Valour, Hands with Weapons, Heads with Skill
To manage Martiall deeds; we did expect,
By thine auspicious *Leading*, to haue checkt
The proudest *Saracen*, or *Mahumetan*,
Tam'd the *Barbarian*, and wilde *Indian*:
But, dastard Death hath sounded his Alarmes,
Bidding vs rest in rust, and leaue our Armes.
For, he vnwares our *Generall* hath slaine,
Before he should his conquering blade distaine,
In *Mars his Field*, with Foes impurest blood;
With feare whereof they All astonisht stood.

Poets. A glorious Subiect of a Poets pen
(If Poets wits were Other then of Men)
Had HENRY been. But, where should Hee haue found
An *Homer*, or a *Virgill*, that might sound
The worthy Praise of his heroick Deeds,
That gan already bud from Vertues seeds?
Nay: where's the *Muse* so rich, as can set forth
The halfe of short-lyv'd HENRY's long-lyv'd Worth?

Pilgrime. Full many Plaintifs more, full of Complaints,
In this sad Company bewaild their wants:
But, in such various wise, that infinite
It were for any wight to read or write.
I could but weep: yet might no longer stay,
But to the Holy-Land kept on my Way;
And on my Way went weeping: for, my Teares
Must be the Sea my brittle Vessell beares;
My Sighes, the Windes: my Faith the Sterne doth guide:
My Freight is Charity; Hope, Anchor try'd:
GOD'S Word, my Carde; his SON, my Light; his SPIRIT
The Earnest, that assures me to inherit.

Patience

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

*Patience, the Champion, conquers all Distress:
Heav'n is the Haven of all my Happiness.*

By his (late) **HIGHNES**

Servant,

HENRY BARTON.

FINIS.



Sylvester, J.

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